# The Story of a Nameless Hero's Sacrifice and of a Love That Would Not Be Sacrificed

# GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN (A Compile Novel Each Week in The Evening World) By Frank L. Packard

down with a crushing, vice-like grip on Merton's shoulder.

"Keep away." Merton grovelled.

"Answer me!"—Varge's voice was eminously, deadly low. "How far has this thing gone?"

"I—I love her," mumbled Merton.

perfectly motionless, rigid, strained, intent; then the handle dropped from his grasp. He turned, facing the corner of the gray prison wall, where through the trees she could just see the figure of the guard pacing back and forth upon its top—and his shout rang like a clarion through the quiet of the peaceful afternoon.

"Fire!"

The flash and roar of the carbine from the wall, a wild shout from the guard, answered Varge's cry.

"It's in the kitchen, I think," he said hurriedly but in quiet tones as he paused beside her. "I am afraid the fire must have got a good deal of headway before it showed itself. See!" A thin, yellow flame-tongue appeared for an instant over the peak of the roof.



them.

Varge sprang upon the ladder and

Veranda.

It was a hundred yards to the house her voice, to have the awful, ironic began to climb.

He pulled himself to the roof, and, from where Varge stood, and the dochopelessness of it all thrust upon him with each look into that dear than the peak, edged his way tor was already two-thirds of the him with each look into that dear than the peak, edged his way

rounds rang along the steel platforms and the faint, low, indefinable medley of sounds from the sleeping medley of sounds from the sleeping and sprison seemed to whisper and murmur in stealth together, Vargo lay upon his cot fighting out this new problem that had come to him. As a mathematician evolves some strange and abstruse calculation, checking and abstruse calculation, checking and rechecking his steps to verify his solution and finding ever the same result, so to Varge over and over again came inevitably the same conclusion. There was no other way—the must escape.

To stay there, to see her day by day, to touch her perhaps, to hear day, to touch her perhaps, to hear the round possible and the steel plating the building hid him from the road, in the should be constructed in the building hid him from the road, in the said of the building hid him from the road, in the said or the building hid him from the road, in the said or the building hid him from the road, in the said or the building hid him from the road, in the said or the building hid him from the road, in the said or the said or the building hid him from the road. "Hum!" as aid Dr. Kreelmar. He wist was an escape along the collection of the him from the road, in the said or the said. "Hum!" he repeated. "Refuse, eh?—this hands, leaped down the little decolivity and ran like a deer along the collection of the bushes and the said of the lost of the bushes and the said or the said. "Hum!" he repeated. "Refuse, eh?—this hands leaped down the little decolivity and ran like a deer along the collection of the bushes and the said of the lost of the bushes and the said or the said. "Hum!" he repeated. "Refuse, eh?—this hands leaped down the little decolivity and ran like a deer along the collection of the bushes and the said of the little man for the said. "Hum!" he repeated. "Refuse, eh?—this hands leaped down the little decolivity and ran like a deer along the collection of the bushes and the said. The said Dr. Kreelmar. He will down the little man for th "Answer me!"—Varge's voice was eminously, deadly low. "How far has into the driveway they came, two minously, deadly low. "How far has into the driveway they came, two minously, deadly low. "How far has into the driveway they came, two minously, deadly low. "How far has into the driveway they came, two minously, deadly low. "Where is Mina Rand?" he demanded upon his cot fighting out this has a problem that had come to him. As a he shot the wheelbarrow forward trow mathematician evolves some strange will step to verify his mathematician evolves some strange and abstruse calculation, checking his steps to verify his early and rechecking his steps to verify his early look into his face. The was creeping back into Merton's face, and an ugly look into his face. The was of their white faces flushed now with their vin from the prison gates, their wite faces flushed now with heir winte faces flushed now with heir winter and he stepped back. The winter face and an ugly look into his face.

"Thank God," he said, "she has been saved that hurt!" And the stepped back. The winter face flushed with a step to verify his stepps to verify his stepps to verify his steps to verify his stepps to verify

The state of the s

CHAPTER XVII.

Shipureck.

ARGE had headed steadily south—always south. What better plan could he have adopted than that so naive—ly suggested by the doctor—to make Gloucester and ship on a fishing smack for the Grand Banks? He would be away for months, out of touch with the world and sate from pursuit; he would be earning something the white, and on his return—well, the time to think of that had not yet come.

Night after night he had left the state of touch with the world and sate at right angles, but this time to the main-sheet to cling to the had made good his hold. He read the water streaming from him, and hacked and cut at the tough head and the tough head and cut at the tough head again.

had not yet come.

Night after night he had left the miles behind him. The prison suit had long since disappeared—well hidden in the hollow trunk of a failen tree close to the spot where Dr. Kreelmar had met him. Little by little, in the general stores of the small hamlets, an article at a time, he had supplied himself with the necessities that the lacked.

In water the tough hemotive had again.

Suddenly it parted with a reservities and the boom swung far out own the leer rail and brought up with the relief—the rode more buoyantly on a more even keel, and the more pulled himself with the necessities that the lacked.

And so the journey had been made—
and now, very early one morning, two
weeks since his escape, he came out
upon a road close to the beach on the
outskirts of Gloucester.

Near him was a small shack built
almost on the sand itself, a dory was

plunged into the bushes where, not Canada—and they get caught." Dr. more than two minutes before he Kreelmar resorted to his handker-down to Variey's fish wharf—any one himself had dashed for cover—there chief quite as unnecessarily as before, and quite as unnecessarily moping closer.

Was the thrashing of branches—comped his face.

Varge raised his head and for a rejuctinally under the name of the compensation of the two men "Peters," by Cap'n Jonah Sully.

THE BEST DOG STORY EVER WRITTEN. AN IDEAL SUMMER ROMANCE OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS

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